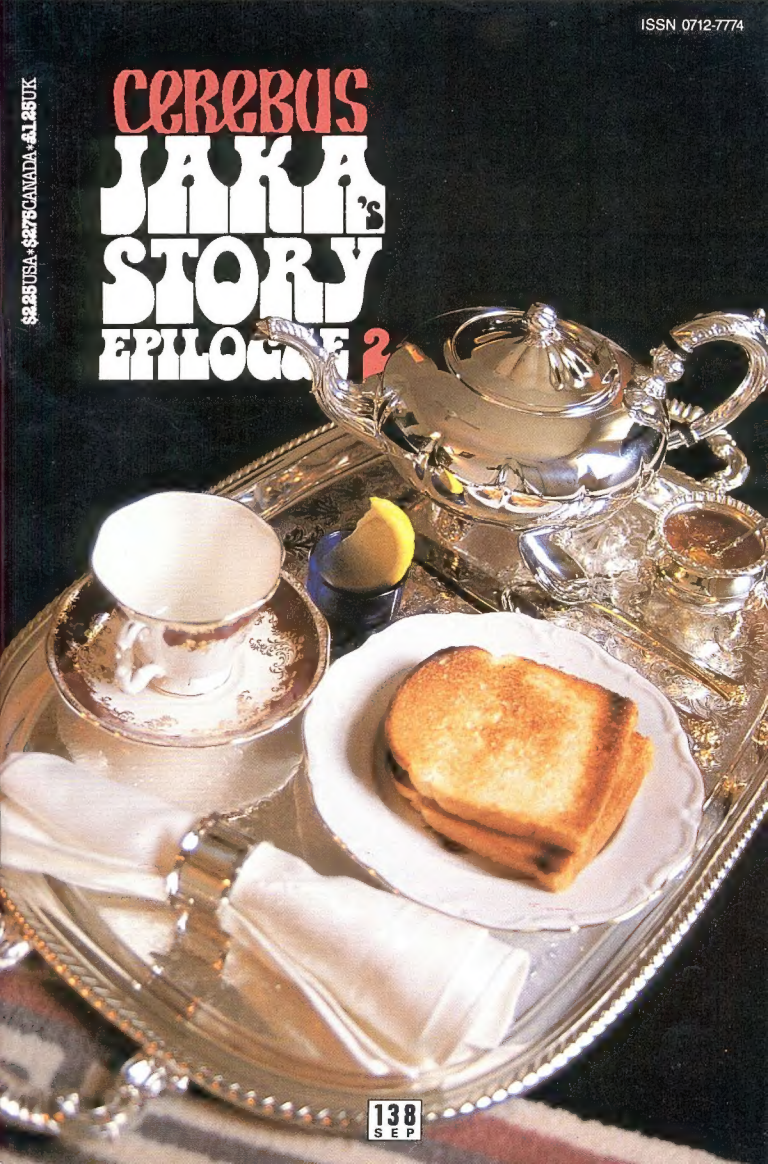
ISSN 0712-7774

$2.25 USA • $2.75 CANADA • £1.25 UK

CEREBUS

JAKA'S STORY

EPILOGUE 2



138
SEP

NOTE • FROM • THE PRESIDENT

It's a nice little rhythm we're settling into; finish an issue, answer all the mail (that was today July 25) write a Note from the President, then start the next issue. The one day a month answering fan mail is very helpful. By the time I'm done an issue I am just aching to answer a few questions, read mounds of extravagant praise, pick a few self-publishers for the preview section, write introductions I've promised to do. Comics' Small Fame that so many people would give many relatives or body parts for. By the *end* of the day (about a half hour away as I write this) I never want to read or answer another fan letter as long as I live or read another minicomic or edit another interview and I sit and think "I can't *wait* to get back to writing and drawing."

I *can't*, really. Really!

★★★★★★★★★★

Well I don't know what Piranha Press is, any more than the next guy. Copyright is by the creator but its probably the old you-keep-the-copyright-kid-and-we'll-keep-the-trademark. You know. The *Ronin* deal. It still has the roster of bureaucrats, but in smaller type. The Beast 666 Fifth Avenue. A contract for every occasion. Nevelow is cultivating *Comics F/X* and they're going for it which is REALLY depressing. I say all this only because I'm about to reach into this sticky gooey drooling slavering mess here (shoulder length rubber gloves, don't worry) and pull . . . out . . . AH!

Kyle Baker's *Why I Hate Saturn*. You know how much it aggravates me to say anything nice about 666 Entertainment Product Food. I hate it when these good guys feed the Beast something tasty (will someone just GIVE Brian Bolland whatever rate he's getting for those covers so DC can't clobber quality books with them?) and there's no question that *Why I Hate Saturn* is primo potatoes. Kyle; please go to Kitchen Sink or Tundra or somebody with the next one. Please. We need you on our side. Please.

Brilliant stuff.

★★★★★★★★★★

I'm really getting screwed up with this "what is a self-publisher?" *Colin Upton's Big Thing* which is selling well everywhere (and is previewed in this issue) has a different name as publisher and (GAH!) editor; BUT Mr. Upton's name is ahead of theirs and his publisher is *really* an administrator and his editor is *really* a proof-reader (there's a big difference) and almost all of Mr. Upton's staggering output is in mini-comic self-published form and we *do* hope you send for them so Mr. Upton can make a living at this.

Anyway I hope you enjoy Mr. Colin Upton's preview.

★★★★★★★★★★

Finally . . .

Marcus Gray sent me some of his work from England and I had expressed interest in his mini (or digest or whatever) and told him to send me anything else he was working on. There are people I do that with. I don't care *what* they're doing next. I want to see it. So a package arrived some months after, containing *The Widow Ciccone: a graphic poem*. Just a single sheet sheet of paper; a colour photocopy of a collage with some writing and type on it. I really, really liked it and I kept it on top of the stack of legal pads and This Month's Greatest Hits (this month: *Why I Hate Saturn*, *Colin Upton's Big Thing* and the Viet Nam issue of *the Comics Journal*) on the coffee table in Studio One. People were forever knocking it out of place, shifting it from the stack to the coffee table; just shuffling it around. It was that disturbing. I now keep it in the stained glass window (next to the postcard of Oscar Wilde's tomb; you can see it on the back of Cerebus 137).

Anyway Marcus wrote a while later and said he had decided to do a series of them; *Victims XII* through *Victims XVII* have been released as I write this. I persuaded him to quote you-all a price and let me print his address. He doubts anyone will be interested (at the price) in what are really, as he freely admits, 'just colour photocopies'. But people ask me all the time what I like, what books I recommend, etc. The answer is not much and not many, but *Victims* is something that really floats my boat and whether any of you are interested or not, I couldn't sleep at night until I did my best for Mr. Gray and *Victims*.

Available from Marcus Gray, *Victims XII through XVII* £15 in the U.K. (includes postage) certified cheque or postal money order. £25 here in the Colonies (postal money order payable in pounds sterling). Address Marcus Gray, 4 Oldfield Lane, Bath, Avon BA2 3NP.

CEREBUS

NO. 138 SEPTEMBER 1990

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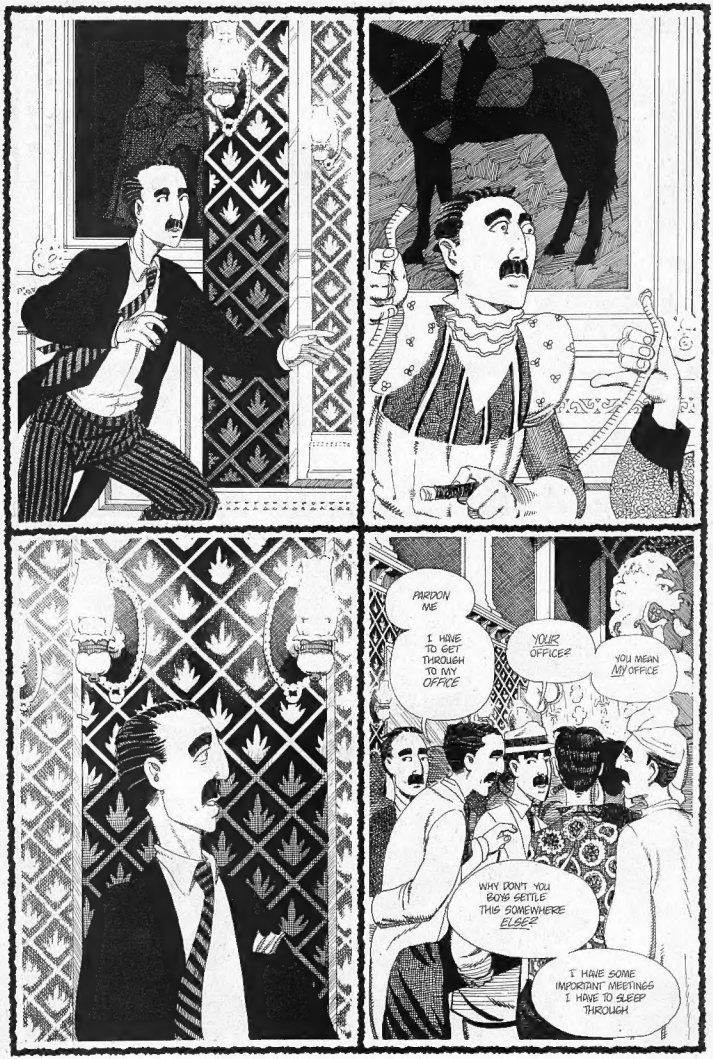
CEREBUS IS PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY AARDVARK-VANAHEIM INC. P.O. BOX 1674 STN. C KITCHENER ONTARIO CANADA N2G 4R2
ALL CONTENTS © 1990 DAVE SIM.
PRINTED IN CANADA BY PRENEY PRINT & LITHO INC., WINDSOR, ONTARIO.

PRINTED IN CANADA

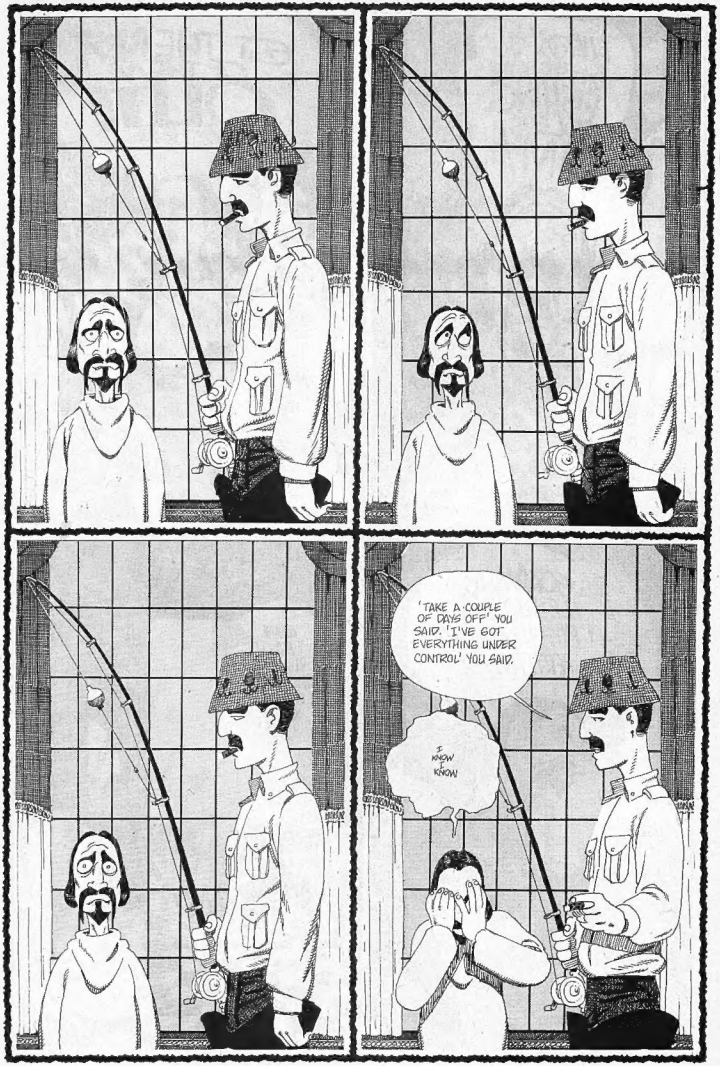

PARDON ME
I HAVE TO GET THROUGH TO MY OFFICE
YOUR OFFICE?
YOU MEAN MY OFFICE
WHY DON'T YOU BOYS SETTLE THIS SOMEWHERE ELSE?
I HAVE SOME IMPORTANT MEETINGS I HAVE TO SLEEP THROUGH

SORRY!
EXCUSE ME BUT I SEEM TO BE STANDING ON MY FOOT
PARDON.
AS LONG AS WE'RE ALL STUCK HERE ANYWAY, DOES ANYONE WANT TO BUY SOME FRESH EARTHWORMS?
ARE YOU SURE MY OFFICE IS UP AHEAD SOME WHERE?
MY OFFICE
YOU DON'T LOOK A BIT LIKE HIM
MY AUNT MIM LOOKS MORE LIKE HIM THAN YOU DO
THAT'S ONE OF THE MIRRORS
I KNEW THAT — I WAS JUST TESTING YOU
PARDON
AND IF YOU DO TURN OUT TO BE ME?
EXCUSE ME...
WHY— I'LL THROW A MONTH-LONG PARTY TO CELEBRATE...
MAKE IT TWO MONTHS AND YOU'VE GOT YOURSELF A DEAL...
OW!
YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND! I HAD A
OW!
THUMB TRANSPLANT
KEEEP MOVING
KEEEP MOVING

THUMB TRANSPLANTS?
YOU HAVE TO GIVE THEM A THUMB PRINT TO PROVE YOU'RE REALLY ME...
AND IF YOU'RE NOT THEY TAKE YOU OUT IN THE YARD AND BEAT YOU TO A PULP...
OH REALLY?
WHY DO YOU THINK WE'RE ALL JUST SORT OF MILLING AROUND OUT HERE IN THE HALL?
MOVE TOWARD THE DESK AND USING THE INK PAD AND PAPER MAKE A PRINT OF YOUR RIGHT THUMB!
REMEMBER!! REFUSAL TO GIVE A THUMB PRINT IS TANTAMOUNT TO A CONFESSION...!
I THOUGHT 'CLEANLINESS' WAS TANTAMOUNT TO A CONFESSION
NO-- 'CLEANLINESS' IS NEXT TO 'GODLINESS'

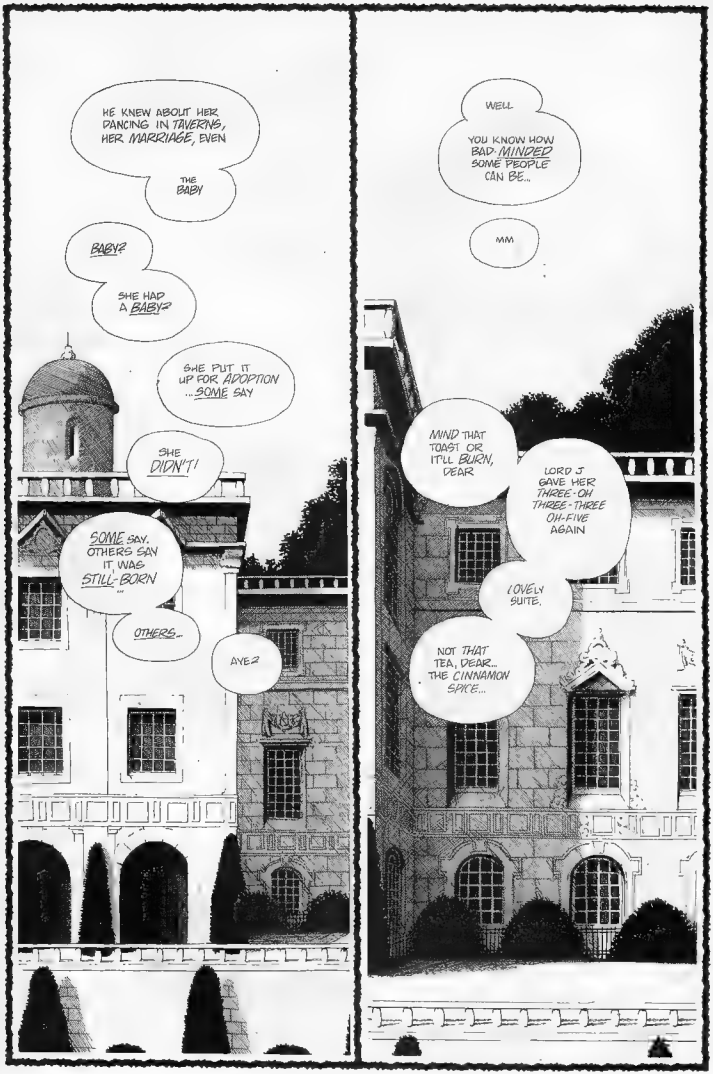
WAIT A MINUTE--I THOUGHT 'PROCRASTINATION' WAS NEXT TO GODLINESS
NO NO NO PROCRASTINATION IS THE THIEF OF TIME..
WELL NOW-- AH SAY NOW I AM CONFUSED
PARDON.
WHAT'S--AH SAY--WHAT'S 'NECESSITY' AGAIN
'NECESSITY' SHE'S THE MOTHER OF CONFESSION
I THOUGHT NECESSITY WAS THE MOTHER OF INVENTION
OR THE SECOND COUSIN OF GODLINESS
PARDON ME.
PLEASE MOVE TOWARD THE DESK AND 'NG THE K AND E TO T
THAT'S NOT MY THUMB PRINT!
BUT I TOLD YOU. --I LEFT MY THUMBS IN MY OTHER JACKET..
ME TOO
MY DOCTOR TOLD ME TO KEEP MY THUMB WRAPPED SECURELY IN THIS HANDKERCHIEF
MY DOCTOR TOLD ME TO KEEP MY NECK-TIE WRAPPED AROUND MY RIGHT THUMB...
NO-- THIS ONE ISN'T IT EITHER
LET ME TRY AGAIN-- MY THUMB WASN'T PAYING ATTENTION THE FIRST TIME
SAY! BACK OF THE LINE, THERE...
YEAH! WE AREN'T DONE BEING DECEITFUL AND EVASIVE YET
HEY! WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA?
WHO DO YOU THINK YOU ARE?
STAMP
STAMP

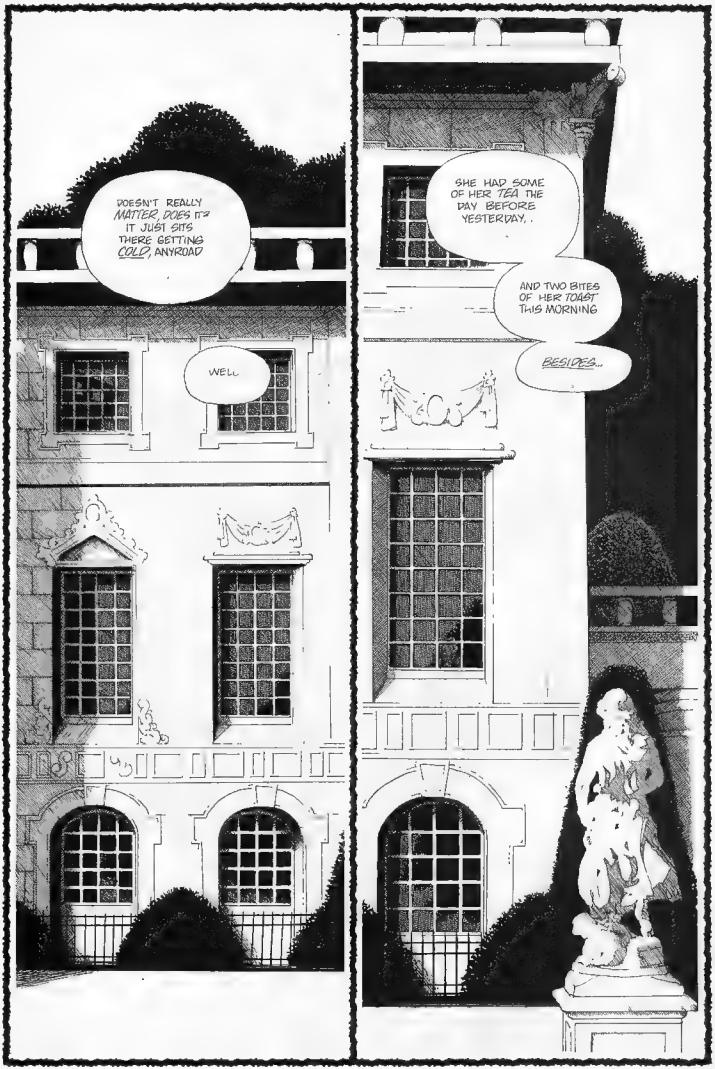
GUARDS! THE ONE WITH THE FISHING POLE IS HIM!
GET THE REST OF THEM OUT! OF HERE
BAF
SMA
FISHING POLE! TWENTY CROWNS NEEDS A FISHING POLE
UH-OH
PARDON
PARDON
EXCUSE ME.
SCRAMBLE FER DAYLIGHT Y' PUSSYALANNAMOUS PERTENDERS!!
AFORE I BASH YUH INTA THE MIDDLE O' NEXT Y'AR
BONK BAF
SMAK

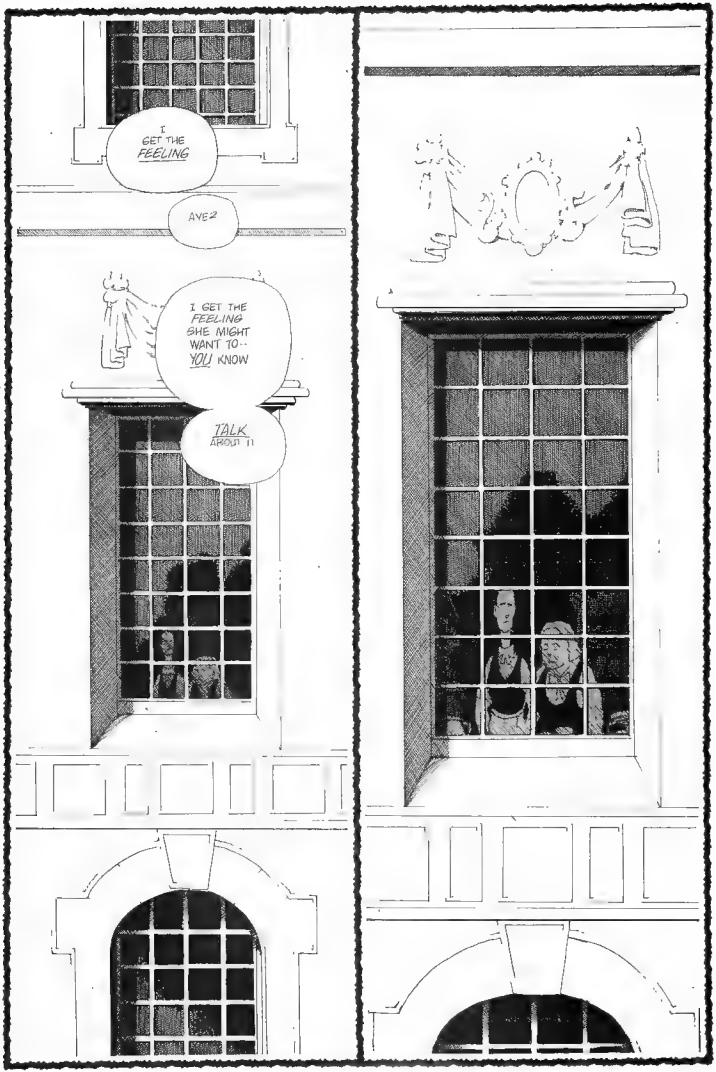

'TAKE A COUPLE OF DAYS OFF' YOU SAID. 'I'VE GOT EVERYTHING UNDER CONTROL' YOU SAID.
I KNOW KNOW

EPILOGUE

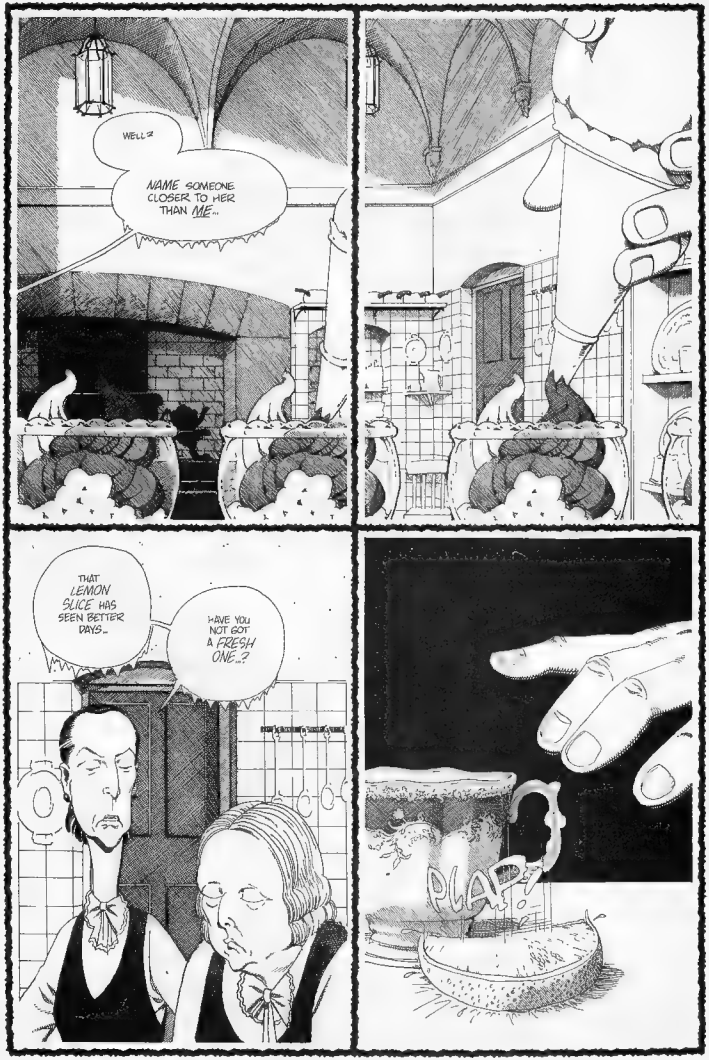
AND SHE WAS MARRIED...
SHE WASN'T!
OH, AYE! TWO YEARS FROM WHAT I UNDERSTAND
TO AN IBSTAN BOY...
OOOOH.. TITLED?
NAY, THAT'S THE REALLY QUEER THING
HE WAS JUST A BOY
A COMMON BOY
AND LORD JULIUS KNEW?
WELL-- WHO CAN EVER BE CERTAIN WITH OUR LORD J DEAR?
THEY SAY HE DID THOUGH...
KNEW WHERE SHE WAS PRACTICALLY FROM THE MOMENT SHE LEFT HER ...'PARTY'
THEN THIS 'TWELVE YEAR SEARCH'?
FANTASY. COMPLETE FANTASY.


HE KNEW ABOUT HER DANCING IN TAVERNS, HER MARRIAGE, EVEN
THE BABY
BABY?
SHE HAD A BABY?
SHE PUT IT UP FOR ADOPTION ... SOME SAY
SHE DIDN'T!
SOME SAY. OTHERS SAN IT WAS STILL-BORN ...
OTHERS...
AYE?
WELL
YOU KNOW HOW BAD-MINDED SOME PEOPLE CAN BE...
MM
MIND THAT TOAST OR IT'LL BURN, DEAR
LORD J GAVE HER THREE-OH THREE-THREE OH-FIVE AGAIN
LOVELY SUITE.
NOT THAT TEA, DEAR... THE CINNAMON SPICE...

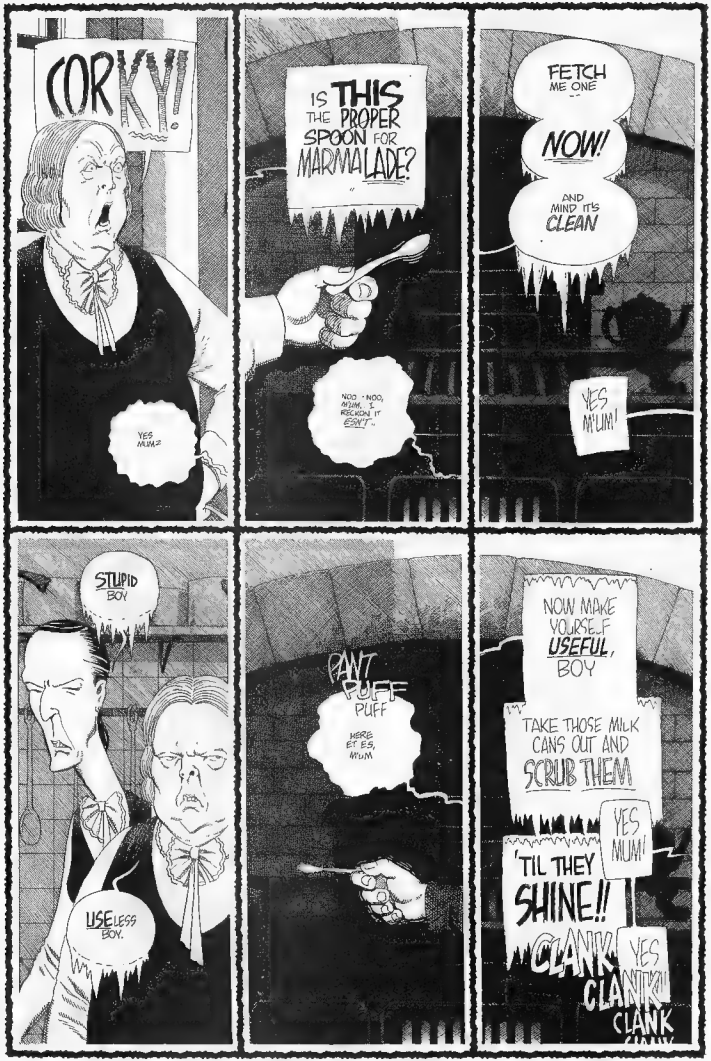

DOESN'T REALLY MATTER, DOES IT? IT JUST SITS THERE GETTING COLD, ANYROAD
WELL
SHE HAD SOME OF HER TEA THE DAY BEFORE YESTERDAY, .
AND TWO BITES OF HER TOAST THIS MORNING
BESIDES...

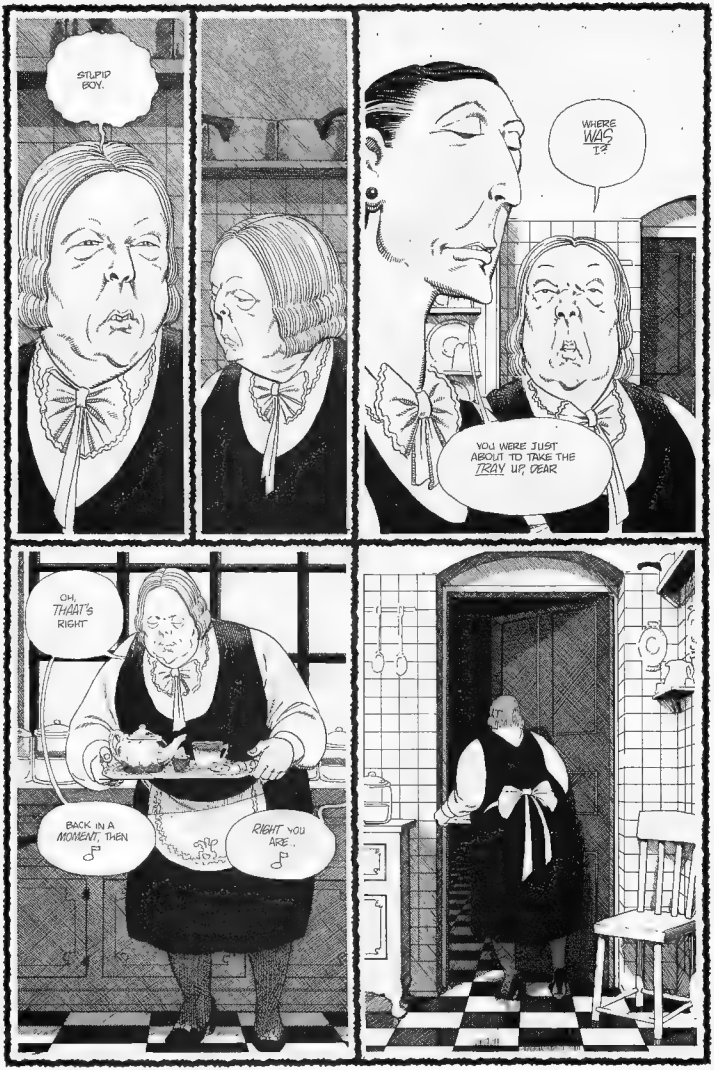

I GET THE FEELING
AYE?
I GET THE FEELING SHE MIGHT WANT TO - YOU KNOW
TALK ABOUT IT

TO YOU,
YOU MEANZ
I EXPECT I'M THE CLOSEST FRIEND SHE HAS AROUND HERE.
OH! OH YES! OF COURSE
AND WITH POOR ADA DEAR...
WELL...
AND WHY NOT? I TOOK HER UP TEA EVERY DAY FOR A YEAR BEFORE SHE LEFT...


WELL?
NAME SOMEONE CLOSER TO HER THAN ME...
THAT LEMON SLICE HAS SEEN BETTER DAYS...
HAVE YOU NOT GOT A FRESH ONE...?
PLAP

IT'S JUST--I KNOW HOW LONELY IT CAN BE-- KEEPING THINGS INSIDE LIKE
SOMETIMES A FRIENDLY EAR IS ALL A BODY NEEDS
YOU'LL BE WANTING TO TAKE TWO CUPS, THEN, WON'T YOU?
DON'T BE CHEEKY. I JUST MEANT THAT WHILE I WAS SETTING OUT HER TEA THINGS THAT I MIGHT
MIGHT WHAT?
THAT'S NOT THE PROPER SPOON FOR THE MARMALADE-- IS IT?
YOU'RE RIGHT IT MOST CERTAINLY IS NOT
THAT STUPID BOY


CORKY!
YES MUM?
IS THIS THE PROPER SPOON FOR MARMALADE?
"
"NOO - NOO, MUM, I RECKON IT ESN'T"
FETCH ME ONE
NOW!
AND MIND IT'S CLEAN
YES M'LUM!
STUPID BOY
USELESS BOY.
PANT PUFF PUFF
HERE ET ES, M'LUM
NOW MAKE YOURSELF USEFUL, BOY
TAKE THOSE MILK CANS OUT AND SCRUB THEM
YES MUM!
'TIL THEY SHINE!!
CLANK
YES
CLANK
CLANK


STUPID BOY.
WHERE WAS I?
YOU WERE JUST ABOUT TO TAKE THE TRAY UP, DEAR
OH, THAAT'S RIGHT
BACK IN A MOMENT, THEN
SNIP
RIGHT YOU ARE.

TING
DING
CHING
THINK
KNOCK
KNOCK

MISS Y:
205
MISS M:
I JUST WANT TO TELL YOU THAT I'M SO

SOB!
SOBBBB
SLAM
BAWWWWWWWW!

AS SHE WATCHED the lone figure in the distance, securing tarpaulins of Palnu's ubiquitous burlap over the least hardy of the miniature Shen trees, she found herself wishing that someone might do the same for her; that some covering might be found which could enfold her and keep her safe from whatever uncertain events the future held in store.

AARDVARK COMMENT

P.O. BOX 1674, STATION 'C', KITCHENER, ONTARIO N2G 4R2

Dear Charles:

Why did you write such a stupid, moronic letter? "Dear Dave, have you seen my bong? Your pal, Charles the meathead." It was obviously a desperate and pathetic plea for attention. It was a deliberate and manipulative attempt to get some schmuck to write and say something dumb, like, "Yeah, buddy, I've seen your bong, and you should be arrested" or something stupid like that. Well, listen, CHUCKY-BOY, I've seen your bong, and frankly, I was not impressed.

Awaiting the return of Elrod,

Lee Shedden
Vernon, BC

★★★★★★★★★★

Dear Dave:

Did you ever wake up and wonder what happened to your friends? I mean, I owe Rob Lavender breakfast from the summer of '85 *and he hasn't shown up begging to be paid back.* Bruce Riseborough hasn't written to me since before he got married and Pat Donley moved in with his parents and became a dealer. Now I'm working at an advertising agency being creative so somebody else can drive a Mercedes.

Fuck.

Drop me a line, boys.

Larry Young
Box 333
Boylston, MA
USA 01505

★★★★★★★★★★

Dear Dave,

Let me see if I'm catching on here. While I was rereading your work-in-progress, I noticed an interesting pattern. Several people who have died in Cerebus' presence have remained as wandering spirits. To be specific, so far, we have Elrod, Claremont, and Necross. All three of them have possessed other bodies after their deaths. My theory is that a certain level of mystical knowledge enables people who die near Cerebus (perhaps any aardvark) to persist as ghosts which have the power to possess people. Now let's see where this leads.

Other dead people could return. Bran, the wizard from #1, the Cirinist bishop and Weisshaupt. That could explain a lot. Weisshaupt left Cerebus detailed instructions after his death; instructions which would have required knowledge of events after his death (eg. the cannon).

Another thing. You've got a bunch of telepathic voices and apparitions: "Suenteus Po", Claremont, the glowing round white thing, the fake elf, the dark voice, and the prophet. Using the graphics as a clue, the dark voice is Claremont, although there's not really enough evidence to be sure. I gave some thought to the idea that Suenteus Po was the third aardvark, but I can't see Weisshaupt as his uncle's lackey. On reflection, I think it makes more sense that the voice "Suenteus Po" is really Weisshaupt. That voice has been manipulating Cerebus along the same lines that Weisshaupt has. I think Weisshaupt is "the prophet" for the same reason. More tenuous is the similar appearance of the glowing thing/fake elf to the prophet, and so to Weisshaupt.

Here's my theory of what happened behind the scenes of "Church and State"; Weisshaupt and Claremont manipulate Cerebus into the vice-presidency where they can use him. (Weisshaupt has manipulated Cerebus twice before). When Cerebus is named pope and threatens their regime they try to dissuade him from the anarchical path which will bring on a Cirinist invasion. Cerebus can't be diverted, even by Jaka, and prevails in a direct confrontation. Weisshaupt calls Cerebus to his deathbed to save his spirit. Weisshaupt possesses Lord Stormsend to try (again) to steer Cerebus to a sane path. When the tower cycle begins, Weisshaupt backs Cerebus. The Roach, aided by Astoria, subjugates Claremont and aims at the ascendancy. Weisshaupt teleports Astoria away to prevent her interference. When Cerebus prevails, Astoria kills the western pope to force a showdown with Cerebus. If she wins, she can control him; if she fails, Cerebus will kill her, and her spirit will manipulate events. But Weisshaupt has outflanked her and gives Cerebus a shot at the ascendancy just in time to escape the inevitable Cirinist invasion.

It all hangs together. If I'm wrong, it doesn't matter. I don't know who the third aardvark is (the emperor-god of the Shen?). And, as usual, I have no idea what's going to happen next issue. The only other comic book that complex was *Watchmen* which only kept it up for one year instead of twenty-five. I hope we're both here in March 2004 to see how it all turns out.

Yours truly,

John A. Burns
812 Memorial Drive, #1408A
Cambridge, MA
USA 02139

★★★★★★★★★★

Dear Dave,

The junior highs are out of session apparently. At anything the least bit touristy, I see a father in shorts and an Izod shirt tell his daughter and her friends where to be when he picks them up. The girls wear lipstick the color of Kool-Aid stains and t-shirts that read either "Hard Rock Cafe" or "Tin Grins are In". They shriek in crowds but are quiet on the metro, where they huddle and whisper and avoid eye contact from total strangers.

Damn.

My roommate and I sat around the Prostitution district a couple of weeks ago. Police were numerous because a) quite a few hookers have been killed recently and b) Gorbachev was just down the street. The women still got business. They stood (in high heels and mini-skirts; not a lot of cleavage though) in empty parking spaces, in segregated groups. The catcalls from drive-by's seemed more degrading than accepting money. Typical scene; a young male yuppie approaches a blonde with his hands in his pockets. They talk and separate. She gets into her sports car (new and red) and begins to talk on her car phone. He walks to a nearby ATM before jumping into what was quite often a jeep or blazer. She pulls out and he follows.

I expected the personal ads to be similar, but they were so alike that virtually all the women described themselves as 5'9", 5'10", 6'2" or else they specifically requested a *tall* man. I'd always attributed personal ads to a personal failure, but if great height

is exceedingly responsible for these women's loneliness, then I hold more sympathy. At least they're doing something about it.

I'd be tempted to place an ad myself that requested a woman who kills her own bugs; has read more books than has stuffed animals on her bed; and knows black comedy isn't a reference to Buckwheat.

I mention all this because I am reminded, after reading the latest *Cerebus*, sex frightens.

Ryan Scott
643 Mass. Ave NE
Washington, DC
USA 20002

★★★★★★★★★★

Dear Dave,

Thank you for Jaka's Story. This may be a bad moment for thanks, since I have just read 19, and as the lady says, "How so?"

Nevertheless, you deserve praise for keeping our attention and admiration with a narrative which has all the headlong rush of the Tory party calling the next election. I look forward to a satisfying denouement.

Shit. This won't do at all. Excuse me a moment, Dave.

"Yo! David Chennette, listen up you poozer. This is Sim's funny book here. He prints all these letters from brain-dead neurotics who want to be Dr. H.S.T. and laid, possibly in that order. If I want considered (sic, dammit, that's a good dog) critical evaluation of the graphic formula I'll read Fantasy Advertiser, or have a bull session with Gerry and Chris (Hi Gerry, Hi Chris). Let's keep this page a forum for angst, acne and onanism. If nothing else it stops us writing to *Playboy*. So get silly *now* David!"

So hello again Dave. When the Hell are you coming back to Glasgow? (That's a direct question.) The last time you were here I didn't have enough money for the Mick sketch you and Gerhard committed. I didn't even have enough to buy you a decent bottle of Malt instead of the rot-gut you were drinking. Get yourself back to A.K.A. soon.

I've noticed a good number of fellow Scots go for Fred in a big way. This might have something to do with our national character. Periods of intense self-belief followed by failure and (usually) drunken depression and recrimination. Why do you think we invented ceilidh music and whisky?

I might be doing your readers a favour if I point out that Cassandra comes from Inverness, a place where the local men have been known to show a certain unhealthy interest in farmyard animals (what do you call a guy from Inverness with four sheep? A pimp.)

Was that you I saw in the Botanic Gardens, Cassandra? With the statue? Do you think that was a nice thing to do, with all those children watching? Nice Tantric expression though.

About the novel, I have only two things to say. The portrayal of Oscar had a dignity and intelligence that rarely is allowed when portraying a homosexual in the media. Showing him up as a fawning toady of the aristocracy was vicious but honest.

Secondly (sic again, the typewriter has been drinking, not me.) the Rushdie issue must be addressed, and it was nice to see it approached elliptically, not didactially.

Enough, the keyboard is just a blur, the balcony is on the make and the rhythm section just lit out for Miami.

Yours with the sun going down and straight not sober with a whiskered chaser,

Michael Mooney
26 Underwood St.
Shawlands
Glasgow

★★★★★★★★★★

Dear Mr. Sim,

As it appears to be a favorite pastime among Cerebus readers, I decided to write you while listening to *Some Girls*. Discovering no discernible feeling of pleasure, I'll sign off.

Charles Morley
P.O. Box 1266
Port Angeles, WA
USA 98362-0233

P.S. It is my understanding that your newest character, Mrs. Thatcher, is based on one Mr. Dice Clay. I certainly hope this is not the case, although I am curious as to the reaction this would create in British parliament.

★★★★★★★★★★

Dear Aardvark Comment,

Don't you hate the excuse: "I had no control over myself . . ." "He *made* me do it" or "I was forced into doing it"? I often get such excuses from my vessels, weak fools. I don't force them to do *ANYTHING* . . . I merely help them a little. Still these are the excuses psychologists are trying to verify and even make *legal* for the defense of the mentally unstable. I dunno. DARK KNIGHT RETURNS kind of answers my doubts. Obviously if people do something they'll regret later, such as raping a woman, mugging someone, etc., they are going to look for any excuses they can get. But there are no excuses for your own actions. It is easy to look back on a terrible scene and think of the pressures that were building up on you. To say "It wasn't *my* fault!" and really believe it. Such people could then be easily persuaded by a defense lawyer to opt for "mental instability". Most judges are smarter than to fall for this, but as such grounds for defense become *laws*, what can the legal system do? I think more people should learn to take responsibility for their actions and understand that even under adverse circumstances no one can be held responsible for your own ultimate actions. Hey don't blame the "Id" (a stupid name some psychologist came up for me . . . an insult to my being, really) for what *YOU'VE* done.

Grendel
(taken from his speech to the nation: "Hey, it's really *not my fault*!")
256 Kimball Avenue
Westfield, NJ
USA 07090

★★★★★★★★★★

To the Letter-Column People:

I have to agree with David Chenette's letter in *Cerebus* #132; if Dave (Sim, that is) is no longer going to be an active participant in these pages, there's really not much point in asking him stuff (i.e. ME: Golly Dave, where do you get your ideas? DAVE: . . .). We all know He's Out There, casting an omnipotent eye on our correspondence, judging us dip-shits or thoughtful commentators, deciding who gets printed and who gets ash-canned. Let's take it as a given that Aardvark Comment is now very much an Einsteinian clockwork universe wherein things have been set in motion and there will be no direct intercession by The Deity. We'll refer to Him in the third person with the proper amount of reverance and respect; offer up the odd bit of praise and the occasional ritual ass-kiss, etc., But in general, He won't play much of a part in our day-to-day letter-writing existence. In other words, folks; it's a big, scary, blank, white page and we have to fill it all by ourselves.

It's become obvious through the course of 'Jaka's Story' that this is Dave's meditation on the nature of Art just as 'High Society' concerned itself with Politics and 'Church and State' concerned itself with Religion. That so broad a topic and such full characters can be expressed in such a spare narrative is what continually impresses me in this book. Example: the easy way, the "comic-booky" way to

portray a "tortured artist" (they all are, y'know) like Jaka would be to find some one event or single pattern in her life (childhood, natch) point at it a few times and say, "A-HA! She was repressed by her nurse. THAT'S why she needs so desperately to express herself!" And then go off, happy with another two-second analysis well done. Instead, Dave gives us a person, a real human being with all kinds of forces acting on her from both within and without and an artistic talent that arises in the same too-complex-to-be-random way that most things like this happen. Sure, Nurse is a repressive force, but only for a relatively short time. There's also simple, youthful exuberance; rational and irrational fears; need to explore the forbidden; dissatisfaction with The Way Things Are; joy in finding something one's good at; desire to be accepted coupled with an equally strong desire to stand out. And on and on.

Jaka the Artist finds her reflection in an unlikely (and undesired) place, in Oscar the Writer. The sharp sequence towards the end of 'The Poet' wherein they each dress (in front of mirrors, appropriately enough) for the evenings *soirée* at Pud's tavern is the clearest example of this. My favorite parallel between the two is their "That's Not Art" stance on each other's creations. Only after sneaking a peek at Jaka in motion does Oscar feel the need to revise that part of his narrative wherein he refers to dancing as "the weak sister" of the Arts, among other unflattering things. Jaka, for her part, can't accept Oscar's stone head (Headstone?) painting as anything but pointless diddling. Oddly, Jaka winds up being the narrower of the two as she is never able to open herself to Oscar's Art the way he opens himself to hers.

Finally, a gripe with you people out there. You obviously have a certain amount of taste to have gravitated to something as superior as *Cerebus*. So why is it that that same taste doesn't carry over into your musical preferences? I mean, come on, Rush? I thought we were done with those pompous masturbators (sorry Cecil) a decade ago. The Dead? Fat old men with limp dicks and limper melodies. The Beatles? Hey, correct me if I'm wrong, but weren't they finished by 1970? Doesn't it bother you that all your favourites peaked ages ago? The whole classic-rock mentality on this entire continent really perturbs me. And it especially constricts my sphincter to have my favourite comic book compared to this archaic tripe.

Everyone, do yourselves a favour: trek on down to your local pre-recorded music outlet and check out something by Living Colour, the Stone Roses, Nine Inch Nails, the Chills, Steve Wynn, Beats International, Faith No More, the Digital Underground, the Aquanettas, the Wonder Stuff or any of dozens of other Artists who are vital, going concerns. The greatest music ever made isn't 25 years old; it's being made this second, and *this* second, and this one, and this one . . .

Don't let it pass you by.

Deadheads, feel free to address hate mail to:

John O'Connor
25605 Arrowhead
Mundelein, ILL
USA 60060

★★★★★★★★★★

Dear Aardvark Comment,

I would like to request an enormous favour from the good people down there that created Cerebus. It's only one question really, what the hell is going on? I have two issues of CEREBUS, #75 and #132 (JAKA STORY 19). Now what I'm asking is to give me the complete run down of what this whole thing is about, and then maybe I'll buy another one. Why is he an Aardvark? Although your motives may not be for complete success, why not try to explain each issue more so that you can hold onto the newcomers like me. In issue #75 they showed Jaka leaving Cerebus, and in the latest issue I have, I don't have a clue what's going on, but Jaka's name is bigger than Cerebus's. Also how did you get into the comic biz in the first place, I mean it's obvious you know a lot since you're doing so well; why not do better? But you don't have to listen to me, I'm just curious. I DID like #75, don't get me wrong.

You can print this if you want, but why not write back since I'm starting a comic of my own, I hope.

Sincerely,

Mark Torrington
London, Ontario
N6G 2W6

★★★★★★★★★★

Dear Dave,

Right now I am sitting in my bedroom writing this letter to you. In about 20 minutes I have to go to the Job Centre (ouch!). I am not a student anymore (wheep!)

Anyway I'm sure you don't want to know about me - while I have something much better to write about. MY NEXT DOOR NEIGHBOUR - MARTIN!!

Martin has been collecting comics about a year less than me (4-1/2 - 5). I got him hooked on comics when I was only collecting Marvel Comics (spit!) But since then I have . . . progressed into what could be considered a better taste of comics. I now collect about 10 titles, not including those few Marvel and DC ones I still get. Well, in about 4-1/2 ish years he has only just started collecting two DC titles (Gosh! Wow!)

So there I am talking to Martin in his yard about indy comics. When . . . when he says something like 'I can't see what's so good about independent comics. I think they're shit!'

So I say 'Cerebus is fab, groovy, hot etc. . . . Get That!!!' So he replies 'I looked at that once and it looked shit!'

The moral behind my story, folks, is if you're my next door neighbour you're a fucking backward cunt.

Yours etc.,

Andrew J. Bober
15 All Saints Avenue
Cocchester, Essex
C03 4NZ
England

P.S. Is Monique Kaptein really Fred Flinstone?

★★★★★★★★★★

Dear Dave,

This not appearing in your letters column crap has got to stop! All these people's problems and everything are very interesting (although sometimes repetitive) but surely you know the difference between someone who desperately needs a reply! Why, if you don't print this, Stan the Bat from issue #134 will never know to look in Epic Magazine for those Cerebus appearances! Dammit, I'm new in Maryland and if you don't reply to this I'll have no way to know if I really exist or not and I'll have to kill myself!!! You say you like all these new letters but you're losing all your old talent in the process! Just think of this Dave:

When was the last time we heard from Mike Bannon?

Be afraid. Be very afraid.

(You'll never get J.E. Pouncey or Mark Haden Frazer at this rate).

Glenn the Hippie
9865 Good Lack Rd.
Lanham, MD
USA 20706
(301) 794-5759

P.S. If anyone in the MD-VA-DC area reads Cerebus please call me. If you're female you may win a free dinner. You gotta let the phone ring at least seven times though.

P.P.S. All of your readers seem to

listen to great music, Dave! You gotta put John Lydon of Public Image Limited in Cerebus. He's far more interesting than Mick or Keif!

P.P.P.S. Does anyone out there in South Florida have *Glenn the Hippie* comics #2 or 3? My friend Charlie Vignola wrote and drew them in 1983 and based them on me but didn't give me copies of those issues. Can I buy them from someone?

P.P.P.P.S. I found a theatre in Georgetown that plays the Rocky Horror Picture Show. The name of the theatre? Cerebus. It's synchronicity, Dave.

★★★★★★★★★★

Dave.

Let's see. Ah. "The only obligation which I have a right to assume is to do at any time what I think right . . . Law never made men a whit more just; and, by means of their respect for it, even the well-disposed are daily made the agents of injustice." Thoreau, *Civil Disobedience*. Re-reading that short book sometimes serves to remind one that we, the people, should be allowed to say what we want to say and do what we want to do and produce the works of art that we wish to produce, not because there is a yellowed document in Washington, D.C., that says we should be allowed to, but because there is a higher sense and power in the world that dictates that we *must* be allowed to.

Should Jaka have signed the admission of wrong-doing? She did no wrong, of course; the responsibility for Pud's death falls on the heads of the Cirinist lawmakers and those who enforce them. She did no wrong: but she earned her freedom. Thoreau was put in jail once for refusing to pay his poll tax. He did no wrong: he was actively showing his nonallegiance to the State. He could've earned his freedom by paying the tax. He did not. He did not admit wrong-doing. Should he have? No. Should Jaka have? No. But *would* she have, if she and the Cirinists and their laws really existed? Yes, quite probably. Well-handled Dave.

Let's have no more talk of "High Art" (capital "H", capital "A"). That way lies boredom and suffocating chatter, and a false sense of self-importance. Yeah, Dave's writing stuff on the level of Henry Miller, and then some, as they say. But so what? Enjoy it for what it is - good writing - and leave the labels at home next to your bound and never-opened Nietzsche collection. I don't understand why everyone's so hip on referring to comics as "graphic novels" or "illustrated albums". They're comics, they always have been and they always should be. Why do we need to get pretentious about it? That'll only be detrimental to the Movement to Get Comics Accepted by the General Public in the long run. I don't even understand why we want comics accepted by the general public in the first place, or care if they are or not.

All right, so, masturbation, yes, well, fine. Why not put in my two bits. It's fun. I enjoy things that are fun. I think I'm a little less uptight than Jesse Helms, who probably is wracked for guilt for days every time he jacks off.

"As lubricants will."

Mike Robbins
3590 Clubheights Drive
Colorado Springs, CO
USA 80906

★★★★★★★★★★

Dear Dave:

I recently found out that you intend to publish a second letter from Brent Daniel. In said letter, Mr. Daniel includes some unfounded remarks about one of the people, namely myself, who lived in the same suite as he this past school year. Even though Mr. Daniel insists that he was joking, I feel compelled to ask you not to publish his letter (it would serve him right) or, at the very least, ask him to kindly buy his own *Cerebus* for a change and stop mooching off me!

Sincerely,

Damijan Saccio
272 Livingston St.
New Haven, CT
USA 06511

★★★★★★★★★★

Dear Dave:

You could have knocked me over with a feather but you chose a letter instead. Thank you for taking the time to write me back. I'm sorry you've decided not to sell your art anymore, but it was good of you to take the time to tell me the bad news yourself. I've just erased about ten compliments to the effect of how nice it is to have had proven from this brief exchange that there's a human being on the other end, but they were either sentimental goo or too wordy. If you can imagine that.

Thanks also for wishing me well in Michigan. I'm in the second-guessing stage of the move now and every bit helps. From nuclear engineer to librarian is weird even for the one who decided to do it. And, sad to say, the 80% cut in pay makes the capitalist pig in me blanch. A little.

As for the capitalist pig in you - remember the deluxe edition of "Jaka's Story"? - I would have been happy to spend some of the remaining 20% to have one. I figure it would have been attractive, tastefully packaged, and might have stood up better to repeated lending. "Jaka's Story" is the novel I'll use to introduce my friends to *Cerebus*, and heavier paper would have helped it last. Anyway, don't be so hard on yourself.

Or your readers. Most appreciate that you have to eat and maybe take a vacation once in a while. I can't imagine you not "giving good weight". In a medium where what will no doubt be this summer's largest grossing issue (pun? well . . , maybe) had what sounded like a plea for readers to tell the writer/artist what to do with his new book - as if we didn't have enough to do with working lots of overtime so we can hoard copies of each of the four different versions of #1 - you can never be accused of pandering to profits.

Enough damnation by faint praise. Thanks for listening. Thanks for responding. And thanks for writing and drawing.

Sincerely,

Jim Ottaviani
401 W. Hoover, #4
Ann Arbor, MI
USA 48103

★★★★★★★★★★

Dave,

This is just too strange. Once again I'm sitting here writing (typing) to someone I've never met, and never expect to meet, unless you decide to travel to Tally-town for some inconceivable reason. It's not like you're an elected official either. I'm not sure exactly why I write you.

Anyway.

Ever read any Durkheim? He's got this really cool theory about the origin of religion. Here's the gist of it. Man is a communal type of critter, and has to hang around his own species to survive. He needs some better reason to do that though (presumably because man's such a stupid critter), so he deifies something. Being a stupid critter, he can't deify society, cause that's a bit too abstract, so he makes totems based upon other critters in his environment, and worships them instead. (Oh yeah, worshipping is a communal type of activity; and is really the basis of society, which might explain why this new global-type world is in such a mess, what with all these conflicting belief systems). Those totems were the beginnings of organized religion (less organized forms being animism), and this evolved until these crazy fuckers started claiming to be divine.

I'm not really doing justice to Durkheim's ideas, but I haven't read anything by him in a while, and I only read a few essays then. There's just so fucking much to read, though.

As for what all this has to do with Cerebus, I leave that for you to decide. I just thought about Matthew Bates' article in #133, about the differences between a religion and faith. Wouldn't any sort of faith preclude any other sort. Ex: how many mystical Marxists do you know? Bad example, actually. I know quite a few.

Anyway. I hope you can make some sense out of this. Maybe I'll figure out what I'm gonna write before I get out the typewriter next time.

Take care.

Your savior,

Jesus Christ
525-3 W. Park Avenue
Tallahassee, FL
USA 32301

★★★★★★★★★★

Hi Dave!

Just finished #134 and thought I'd say hello. I thought about putting on Pink Floyd to listen to while writing since they seem to be fashionable among Commentators lately, but then I thought I'd fulfill what my roommate Gerry (Hi Ger - love ya!) sees as my role as a trend-setter rather than a trend-follower. So I'm listening to the Last Poets instead. The album with "White Man's Got a God Complex" on it. Oh so true.

But I still wear black Chuck Taylor high tops. Slave to fashion . . .

Tony Dunlop

Unemployed in the Unparallelled
Stagnation of Armaments
Unilateral Systematic Aggression
Unfounded Social Atrophy
Ultimate Shitheads Association
Umpteenth Survivalist Attack
Unsuccessful Suicide Attempt
Upkept Secret Assassinations
Undeniable Solipsistic Anachronisms
Unfettered Shunning of Actuality
Ulcerous Sores Abounding
Ubiquitious Spandex Aerobicists
Urban Sources of Alarm
Urinary Stream of Antifeminism
Gosh, that's fun!

★★★★★★★★★★

Dear Dave,

Before I rant about the quality of Cerebus I must address Aaron Ford from the letters column in #134.

Dear Aaron,

Comparing Cerebus to Nietzsche's Ubermensch (overman, not superman) is to do an injustice to Dave, Nietzsche, and most unfortunate of all, yourself.

Your very reference makes me believe (although a conviction is more dangerous to truth than a lie, *Human all too Human 483*) that you read "Fred" in a speed read course.

Refer to 'Reading and Writing' in *Also Spoke Zarathustra,* Aaron, and rethink what you have learned.

Cerebus does not destroy to create, gives nothing freely (no not even a hard time) and above all else sees nothing wrong with abusing the masses. Cerebus indulges in his greed and ego to the point of being swept under by them, instead of using them as tools to overcome. He wishes greatness for greatness' sake. His will is not to power but, on its current course, a will to defeat.

Cease and desist, Aaron. Return to the simplicity of Plato.

Now back to Dave,

Dave I still love and cherish the little guy, and having supported your habits since issue #12, I feel obligated to continue to issue #300. I feel like a father who only hears from his son once a month, and then all you ask is $2.00.

Dave, I myself stopped using mood altering substances (except nicotine and caffeine) for over a year now, and Cerebus has either improved in my sobriety or you have or both.

Sorry 'bout lack of typewriter, but we do what we can.

Later.

Mark Rhodes
3420 N. Laramie
Chicago, ILL
USA 60641

★★★★★★★★★★

Dear Dave,

In this letter I shall only refer to 'Cerebus' once. This will occur in the first paragraph.

Up here in Scotland there is a newspaper called the 'Sunday Post'. It represents everything which makes me cringe about my native land ie. It is parochial, Anglophobic and seeks to maintain the dreaded rail-yard mentality. Politically it's as Blue as a summer sky - on the eve of the last general election it printed a centre page spread claiming that a vote for Maggie was a vote for Truth, Justice, Democracy and World Peace whereas a vote for Labour meant a vote for Libya, Iran and the I.R.A.

Normally I'd be ashamed to associate myself with such a rag but, seeing as it's lying around the house (my mother enjoys its less political aspects), I tend to employ it as a means of reinforcing my liberal-socialist philosophies. Anyway, picking through this week's issue I discovered a letter from an Elizabeth MacIntyre of Crieff addressing the question of what action to take against those who fail to pay the community charge/poll tax/worst idea since World War I. Elizabeth suggests that "They can be treated as non-existent - no vote, no cheap bus passes, library tickets or access to daycare centres. Uplifting bins & assistance of police, fire brigade and ambulances would only be available to those who produced a paid-up poll tax book". I don't know about you Dave but I find this disgusting and very worrying. All you have to do is replace the words "Poll-tax nonpayer" with the word "Jew", (or "homosexual" or "anti-fascist" etc.) and we could be right back in the Third Reich. According to this letter, people would be free to rape, murder and firebomb nonpayers of the Poll Tax without fear of any moral or legal recriminations and that just makes me sick.

In your editorial note published in #127 you made the point that Central European states such as Czechoslovakie, Hungary and the GDR were all embracing civil liberties and social justices at the same time as the USA was legislating against them. Well that goes double for the U.K. Ever since Thatcher and her right-wing minions came to power, British subjects (I'm afraid we'll never be citizens until we stop paying a family of idiots several million quid a year simply because one of their ancestors killed a lot of saxons. Don't forget she's the Queen of Canada, too, Dave) have seen their rights eroded without even batting an eyelid. Why?

Well, I'm afraid the answer seems to be that the British people are bred to respect authority. They believe a law is something sacred and therefore not to be broken, no matter how oppressive, immoral or down-right stupid that law might be. It's the only explanation, why else could we tolerate being the only 'democratic' nation in the world to be governed by an unelected, hereditary Upper House?

Thanks for listening people,

All the best,

Robin McCaig
22 Corran Avenue
Newton Mearns
Glasgow
G77 6EX
United Kingdom

★★★★★★★★★★

Dear Dave,

Jaka gave in too quickly. I wanted to hear Mrs. Thatcher read more entries from Pud Withers' diary!

Charlie Harris
2944 N. Euclid Avenue
Tucson, AZ
USA 85719-2526

★★★★★★★★★★

Dear Dave (Master),

Yo, what up my man? Not much happening here. Just thought that I'd write to you saying that I think that it's cool that you aren't responding to the letters in Aardvark Comment. Hell, I even think twice about responding to my name being called sometimes. Anyways, I just dropped this note to say a few things, so here I go.

This chick, Judith Gibson states that you said that Cerebus dies on his deathbed friendless and alone, fuck that shit. I don't even want to hear about Cerebus dying in my lifetime. That shit is fucked up hard. Also, what pisses me off is people asking all the time "when will so and so happen, and will it be before issue so and so". Fuck, they should just wait and see. It won't kill them to wait. Another thing that I'd like to bring up is why hasn't anyone been talking about bringing back the diamondback stories. I loved the story in Swords of Cerebus Vol. 1. Well that's about all, oh yeah, I forgot to tell you, yesterday, I fucked this chick that I never seen before at my local comic shop. She looked just like Jaka, but her tits were a bit smaller. If we get things going, I'll send you a picture. Later on.

Sincerely,

Brian Kursar
Torrance, California

P.S. Do you know anyone who would be willing to sell a Diamondback Deck?

P.P.S. Don't print this letter unless you got an erection while reading it.

★★★★★★★★★★

Dear Editor:

On June 24, 1876 General George Armstrong Custer was marauding the Black Hills in violation of the land treaty rights of Native Peoples, searching for Gold. He had a reputation among his soldiers as an ego-maniac. But at his "last stand" his ego-mania couldn't save him up against 4,000 brave Sioux and Cheyenne warriors. That was some "blockade".

Oka, Quebec is destined to become "Mulroney's Last Stand". After Meech Lake, there is still no leadership in the more pressing and egregious matter of Native land rights settlements.

Custer's forces were armed and at the ready. Mulroney is disarmingly different. But the common denominator is the power of a spiritual tradition . . . and those willing to take a stand — collectively. Instead of 4,000 Ogala Sioux and Cheyenne on horseback, we have an international brotherhood of disenfranchised Peoples who have come forward via the media.

Consider the debacle of Nelson Mandela returning to Canada to join the armed struggle of Canada's disenfranchised Aboriginal Peoples. After all, a five million dollar gift to aid South Africa's A.N.C. cannot bribe a leader who has spent twenty six years in prison for his convictions.

Oka, Quebec is not the lunatic fringe. These are not a bunch of drunken Indians! These are among Canada's LIFEBLOOD, the ethnic mosaic, standing up on principle as a very distinct society, indeed. If Canada does not wake up and come to the aid of her own, the champions of liberty elsewhere in the world will - to our shame.

In Modern Times, or not, it is uncivilized to reach out the hand of aid to South Africa and with the other hand raise up the fist of the military and Quebec Provincial Police to suppress your very own.

Sincerely yours,

G. Leslie Balogh
136 Eileen Ave.,
Toronto, Ontario
M6N 1W1

★★★★★★★★★★

Dearest,

Hello again. Sorry I haven't been writing lately - I've been far too busy eating chocolate and dreaming about ponies. Mmmm - my very favorite things! ANYway . . .

Do you remember that bit in gremlins where they eat after midnight and turn into mini replicas of the cast of dynasty → before makeup? And the bit where the whole cinema laughs uncontrollably when the girlie explains why she hates Christmas? And when it explodes in the microwave? Did I really sit through the whole film — *for this*?

If I *have* to watch television at all it'll have to be *Roseanne*, because Darlene is my most favourite person of all just now. I'd have her babies anyday. Do you have her phone number, Dave? Yes? (Is she sixteen yet, by the way . . .?) If she's started dating maybe I should ask her about the cast of gremlins. (are they still writing to you?) Oh dear! Far too many questions this late into the cretaceous.

I recently blacked out suddenly and when I woke I found I had bought 17-21 of Jaka's Story. I would send praise but I fear you would fall over . . . um . . . I enjoyed them lots, but then I'm the sort of person who finds cookery books hilarious, so I'm not the best person to ask. The letters pages provide the best answer to the question 'Whatever *did* become of Skippy, the bush Kangaroo?'

I don't know . . . I feel the need to address those readers preoccupied with fiddling with their most secret parts. I feel the need to address, stamp and mail them direct to the planet venus but!!!

1. In England, I understand, mars bars come in two sizes - 'regular' and 'marianne faithful'
2. If you can't bring your partner into a bathful of 'Mr. Matey Bubblebath' then you're probably doing something unwholesome.
3. If you can't live and love in a pink cloud at least make sure your washing powder washes whiter than white.

I would explain further, but if truth be told, I have no idea what to make of it all. Advice? Okay . . . DON'T THINK . . . TALK!! (Well, that's how I live *my* life, babies).

What do you call a sheep with no legs?

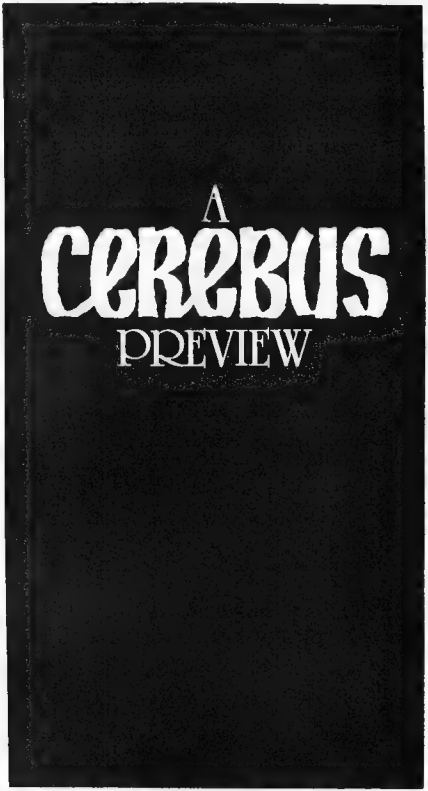
A cloud!! HA!

Love Cassandra

140 Drakies Avenue
Inverness
IV2 3SE

P.S. Guys! If *your* girlfriend consults her days-of-the-week underpants before taking her pill it's probably time to call it a day.

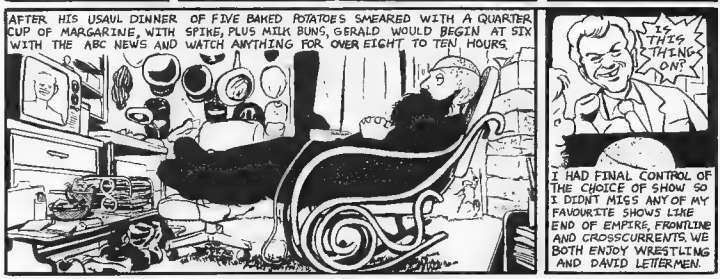
★★★★★★★★★★



Colin Upton's Big Thing is available at better quality comic stores world-wide. At the bottom of the ensuing pages is a listing of Mr. Upton's prodigious mini-comic output (some of it anyway). Order from Colin Upton, 6424 Chester, Vancouver, B.C. Canada V5W 3C3. Add 10% for postage. Minimum order is 50¢. Order some for your Mum, as well.

GERALD WATCH T.V.

MY GOOD FRIEND GERALD CAME TO STAY AWHILE
HI.
HELLO
GERALD IS A WONDERFULLY CREATIVE ARTIST BUT HIS TELEVISION ADDICTION WOULD MAKE MY LIFE A LIVING HELL FOR THE NEXT TWO MONTHS.
BLACK AND WHITE?
YEAH..
?
3 LAYERS OF CLOTHING ON THE HOTTEST DAYS
HE IS A T.V. JUNKIE! HE REALLY NEEDS IT! HE CLAIMS IT RECHARGES HIS CREATIVE BATTERIES.


AFTER HIS USAUL DINNER OF FIVE BAKED POTATOES SMEARED WITH A QUARTER CUP OF MARGARINE, WITH SPIKE, PLUS MILK BUNS, GERALD WOULD BEGIN AT SIX WITH THE ABC NEWS AND WATCH ANYTHING FOR OVER EIGHT TO TEN HOURS.
IS THIS THING ON?
I HAD FINAL CONTROL OF THE CHOICE OF SHOW SO I DIDNT MISS ANY OF MY FAVOURITE SHOWS LIKE END OF EMPIRE, FRONTLINE AND CROSSCURRENTS. WE BOTH ENJOY WRESTLING AND DAVID LETTERMEN.

OH CONTRARE
HEH! HEH! HEH!
SADLY GERALDS FAVOURITE PROGRAMS CONSISTED OF AMERICAN SITCOMS LIKE ALF AND CHEERS. HE ONCE ASKED IF I COULD MISS THE LAST EPISODE OF A TWELVE PART SPY-THRILLER FOR MARRIED WITH CHILDREN
THINGS AMERICANS DONT KNOW..
OH, WE COULD AGREE ON MANY SHOWS; SECRET AGENT, SPITTING IMAGE AND THE REMARKABLE YES, MINISTER SERIES WE NEVER MISSED. IT WAS THE DAILY DOSE OF TEST PATTERN, A GAME SHOW ON MUCH MUSIC, THAT GOT ME.
EEEEEEYAH WAZOOO
IF NOTHING ELSE WAS ON G.X. WOULD WATCH THE MULTICULTURAL STATION SHOWING IN LANGAUGES HE COULDNT UNDERSTAND, OR SPEND HOURS WITH THE WEATHER CHANNEL FINDING OUT ABOUT TODAYS CONDITIONS IN MOSCOW.
YOURS MINE!
YES MASTER
UNDER NO CONSIDERATION COULD THE T.V. BE TURNED OFF.

40¢ mini-comics
Self-Indulgent Comics 1—12
Famous Bus Rides 1—4
Real Rubble 1—6

I LIVE IN A SMALL BASEMENT APARTMENT SO THERE WAS NO GETTING AWAY FROM THE CONSTANT BARRAGE OF TELEVISION THAT WAS WEARING ME DOWN PHYSICALLY AND EMOTIONALLY. I SUFFERED FROM RAW NERVES, EYESTRAIN AND HEADACHES.
MORE TEDIOUS BULLSHIT...
LICK
GOBBLE
SLURP
SMACK
AFTER I'D GO TO BED G.V. WOULD WATCH LATE INTO THE NIGHT WITH THE SOUND TURNED OFF.
FINALLY I GAVE UP AND ALSO BECAME A T.V. ZOMBIE, BELIEVING SOMEHOW I COULD BUILD UP A LEVEL OF TOLERANCE TO THE TUBE, BUT T.V. IS STILL T.V. NO MATTER HOW GOOD THE SHOW. I KNEW I WAS HOOKED WHEN WE STAYED UP TILL FIVE A.M. WATCHING BEASTMASTER
WATCH ME! WATCH ME!
EHHHHH
OFTEN GERALD WOULD NOD OFF WITH THE SET ON...
GABBLEGOB BLOWNITZ F.A.M.N.
TEE HEE!
CLICK
Z
...ONLY TO INSTANTLY AWAKEN WHEN THE T.V. WAS TURNED OFF.
HEY!
POP!
I WAS BEGINNING TO FEEL QUITE RESENTFULL TOWARDS MY HOUSEGUEST
NNNNNNNNGH!
THE BEST SEASON EVER!
I COULDN'T TAKE IT ANYMORE!
UH, GERALD COULDN'T WE TURN THE T.V. OFF FOR A LITTLE WHILE?
OH WELL, IF YOU FEEL YOU MUST!
GERALD SAT AND WATCHED AN EMPTY SCREEN FOR HALF-AN-HOUR WITHOUT MOVING.
I COULDN'T TAKE THAT EITHER.
FUCK IT, THE WRESTLING'S JUST ABOUT ON ANYWAY.
BY ROBERT CRUMB

40c mini-comics

Happy Ned 1—8
Jam of Spot 1—4
Self-Portrait 1

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The Noble Art of Observing People 1
Tales of the Terrible Teatotaller 1
Tales of the Devil Bunnies 1

50¢ mini-comics

Socialist Turtle 1—7
Granville Street Gallery 1 —7

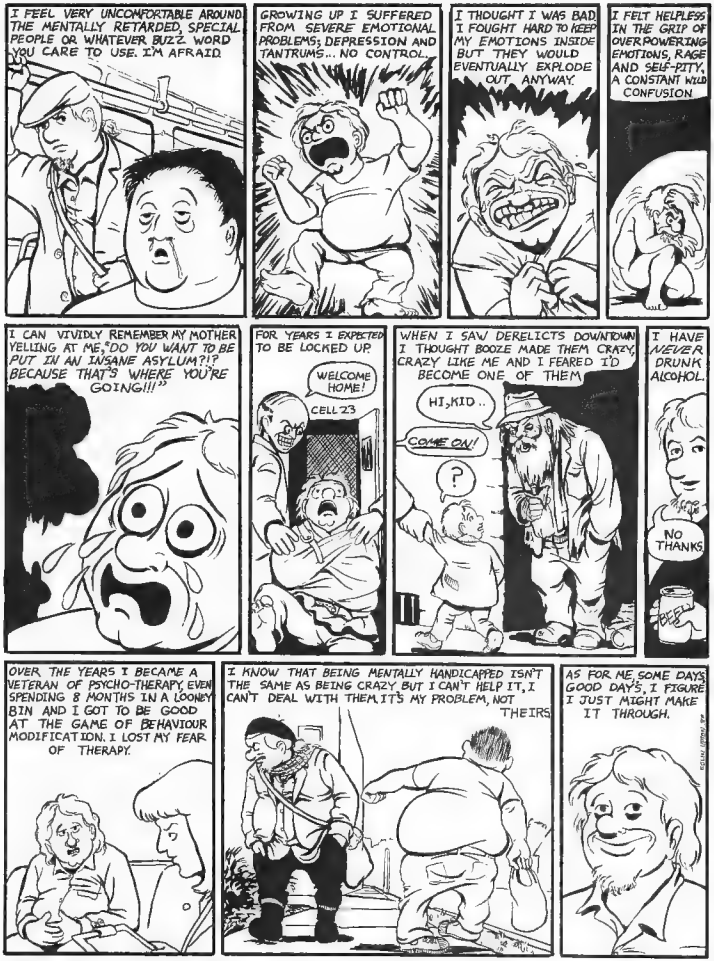
LOONYS

HELLO, COLIN.
HUH.
NEIN. IST MI MIR ZU SUB.
JA, JA HABEN FIE EIN PFENNIG?
HI...COULD I HAVE YOUR LAST DOZEN BAGELS PLEASE.
RIGHT, WOULD YOU LIKE THAT IN THE PLASTIC?
THANKS VERY MUCH.
THANK YOU, BYE-BYE.
GOODBYE, COLIN.
BYE
SEE THAT GUY?
I CALL HIM THE BAKERY LOONY. ITS NOT NICE BUT, I DO.
BAKERY

75¢ Mini-Comics
Canadian Squalor

HIS NAME IS JOHN. HE CAN BE FOUND AT THE WONDER BAKERY ALTHOUGH I REALLY DON'T THINK HE'S ACTUALLY AN EMPLOYEE, HE JUST HANGS OUT MAKING HIMSELF USEFUL TO THE WORKERS.
ON SUNDAYS AND MONDAYS WHEN THE BAKERY IS CLOSED HE COULD BE FOUND GETTING IN THE WAY AT THE BULK FOOD
EXCUSE ME!
HE ALWAYS SEEMS TO BE IN A HURRY.
?
JOHN DRESSES SMARTLY IN SLACKS, VEST AND A TIE CARRIES A WALKIE-TALKIE FOR NO APPARENT REASON. (I'VE NEVER SEEN HIM ACTUALLY USE IT,) PERHAPS IT IS THERE TO LEND AN AIR OF AUTHORITY TO HIS DUTIES WHICH HE TAKES QUITE SERIOUSLY. HE RUNS ERRANDS, LIFTS AND CARRIES BUT...
...HIS MAIN DUTY IS THAT OF DOORMAN.
HE'S WIERDLY CHUMMY WITH THE REGULAR CUSTOMERS.
DIDN'T YOU KNOW MRS. HULL AND I ARE ELOPING? RIGHT MY DARLING?
OH YOU! GIGGLE.
HA HA!
HE KNOWS MY NAME AND TRIES TO BE FRIENDLY BUT I REMAIN ALOOF
NICE DAY ISN'T IT, COLIN?
UH, YEAH.
IT'S NOT HIS FAULT I FIND HIM FRIGHTENING

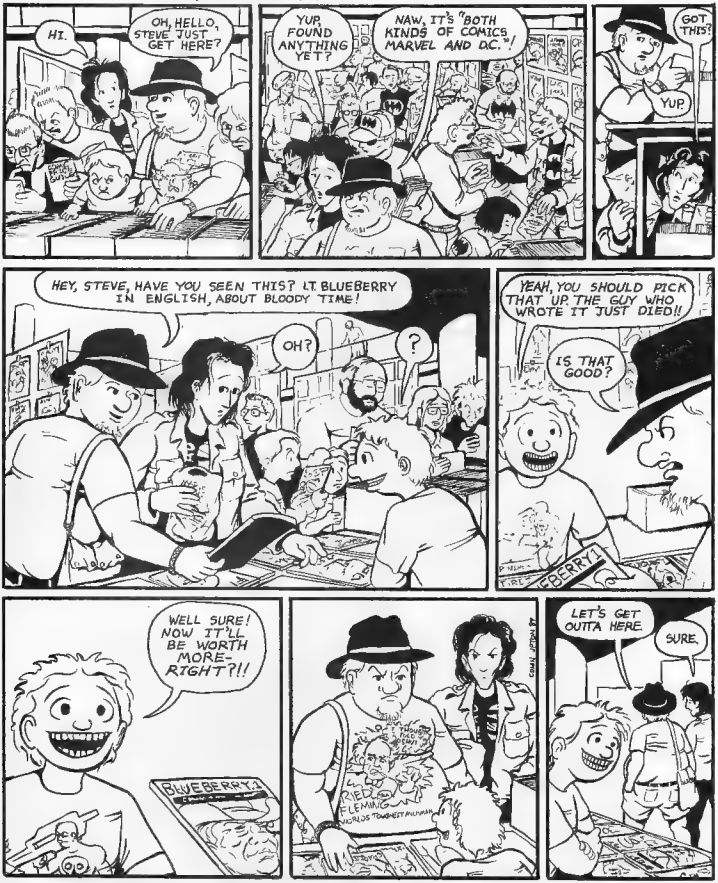
$1.25 Digests
Buddah on the Road 1—2
Artistic Licence 1


I FEEL VERY UNCOMFORTABLE AROUND THE MENTALLY RETARDED, SPECIAL PEOPLE OR WHATEVER BUZZ WORD YOU CARE TO USE. I'M AFRAID.
GROWING UP I SUFFERED FROM SEVERE EMOTIONAL PROBLEMS; DEPRESSION AND TANTRUMS... NO CONTROL.
I THOUGHT I WAS BAD. I FOUGHT HARD TO KEEP MY EMOTIONS INSIDE BUT THEY WOULD EVENTUALLY EXPLODE OUT ANYWAY.
I FELT HELPLESS IN THE GRIP OF OVERPOWERING EMOTIONS, RAGE AND SELF-PITY, A CONSTANT WILD CONFUSION.
I CAN VIVIDLY REMEMBER MY MOTHER YELLING AT ME, "DO YOU WANT TO BE PUT IN AN INSANE ASYLUM?!? BECAUSE THAT'S WHERE YOU'RE GOING!!!"
FOR YEARS I EXPECTED TO BE LOCKED UP.
WELCOME HOME!
CELL 23
WHEN I SAW DERELICTS DOWNTOWN I THOUGHT BOOZE MADE THEM CRAZY, CRAZY LIKE ME AND I FEARED I'D BECOME ONE OF THEM.
HI, KID..
COME ON!
?
I HAVE NEVER DRUNK ALCOHOL.
NO THANKS
OVER THE YEARS I BECAME A VETERAN OF PSYCHO-THERAPY, EVEN SPENDING 8 MONTHS IN A LOONEY BIN AND I GOT TO BE GOOD AT THE GAME OF BEHAVIOUR MODIFICATION. I LOST MY FEAR OF THERAPY.
I KNOW THAT BEING MENTALLY HANDICAPPED ISN'T THE SAME AS BEING CRAZY, BUT I CAN'T HELP IT, I CAN'T DEAL WITH THEM. IT'S MY PROBLEM, NOT THEIRS.
AS FOR ME, SOME DAYS, GOOD DAYS, I FIGURE I JUST MIGHT MAKE IT THROUGH.

40¢ mini-comics
Loony Boy 1—2
Captain Rug Doctor 1—2
The Happy Hater 1—4

MY LAST COMICON

NO, I REALLY MEAN IT THIS TIME OKAY?!!


HI.
OH, HELLO, STEVE JUST GET HERE?
YUP, FOUND ANYTHING YET?
NAW, IT'S "BOTH KINDS OF COMICS, MARVEL AND DC."
GOT THIS?
YUP.
HEY, STEVE, HAVE YOU SEEN THIS? LT BLUEBERRY IN ENGLISH, ABOUT BLOODY TIME!
OH?
?
YEAH, YOU SHOULD PICK THAT UP. THE GUY WHO WROTE IT JUST DIED!!
IS THAT GOOD?
BERRY!
WELL SURE! NOW IT'LL BE WORTH MORE- RIGHT?!!
BLUEBERRY
LET'S GET OUTTA HERE.
SURE.

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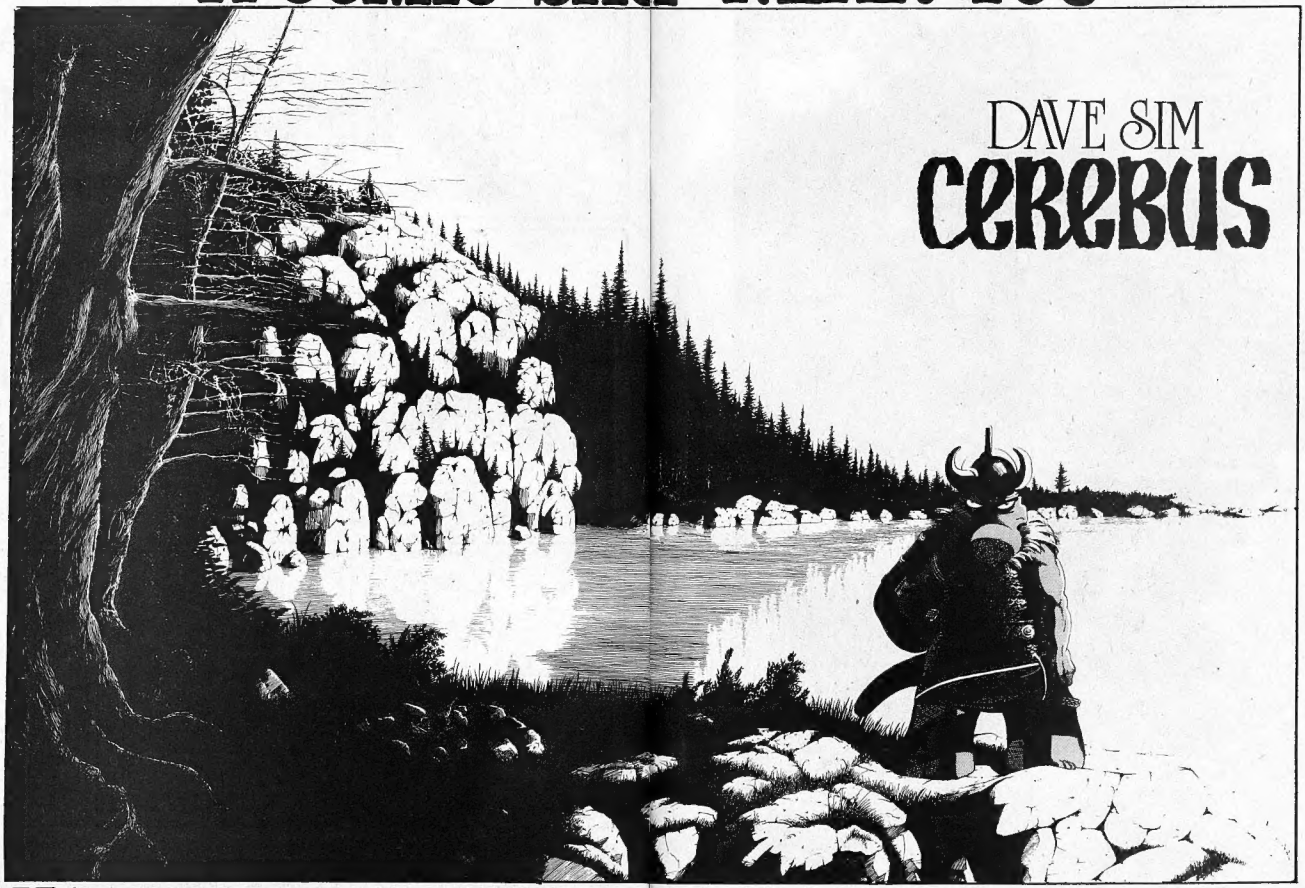

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